

HaloMF: The Advent Front

by Evident Disaster

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Summary: The war of the UCAF and the Covenant rage on in 2541, the history of the war however is soon to change as the UCAFs first steps into the galaxy uncover a great discovery that will change the face of the war forever. This is a prototype for someone. CH1

1. Chapter 1

Halo/MF: The Advent Front

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The Frontier

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2535-11-2

The colony of Strata Tyr was an industrial world, it produced many minerals and metals required for the production of the UCAF war machines, it also made a number of things aside from weapons and fighters. The planet had a large portion of aerial development in mobile versatile frames, the UCAF considered the world one of great importance.

Down upon the world the inhabitants enjoyed their lives; there was no war there, even if the evidence opposed it, the people of Tyr were happy. The people had been happy, up until the day the war finally arrived.

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The warnings from the city blared in constant order to the populace for the past 3 hours since the main defence network activated the sensor net, and the UCAF colonial defence fleet confirmed their sources, the covenant fleet was definitely on approach from

slip-space. The people were ordered into massive bunkers and shelters from the coming destruction, but there wasn't enough space for all the people in the colony.

Down in the city of the Tyr a small group of people hid amongst a quick made shelter in the underside of a garage, there they remained when the firing began, outside the shocks and screams of the war raged. Plasma blasts scorched the world outside and the people outside were being shot to shreds by the alien invaders.

In the shelter a young mother held her son to her chest cradling him as the noise increased, all seemed so hopeless, but she knew it was better than accepting defeat, she wanted to believe that there was still something to believe in the whole universe. The bunker was soon breached by a plasma blast and the people inside screamed as gunfire and explosions followed.

The mother continued to cradle her son and then she heard the footsteps from something behind, she pulled her child away and stared into his eyes.

>"Don't look Vinâ€¦!" She was stabbed through the back by an energy blade and her blood splattered over her child, his eyes widening in horror from the sight before him, he pulled away and watched the world, blur. He screamed out.<p>

"Mother!"

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2541- 6 years later

Daedalus Crusades- Eta Novara

The rushing winds scrapped by the Glaive-VF30, the agile fighter resembled that to the VF25s but had many distinguishable differences, such as added missiles pods to both wings and a single plate of metal which resembled a shield on the top of the fighter, but there was also a number of modifications to the fighter class and that was the new Gauss repeaters and Fusion lance cannons with improved visual sensors.

The VF sped through the air, it was on engagement with the covenant 7th MS squadron circling their base down at the captured port of the colony, the other VFs had engaged in other regions to draw away the covenant forces from the port and it had been successful, now it was only up to the pilot of the Glaive to end the covenant here and wipe out their defences for the troop transports to land their marines on the port.

Inside the cockpit the pilot pushed up the throttle, the fighter increased speeds up to Mach 3 before it reached the distance to the main objective, it entered visual range in 3 minutes and soon the pilot decelerated from sonic speeds and began to scan for the covenant in the area. At first the scans proved to be inconclusive.

Then red lights ignited as 4 unknowns appeared on his sensor net, 4 Seraphim class interceptor suits with multi variation weapons, he guess that they figured that he would be going through the clouds. He dropped his fighter into evasive manoeuvres avoiding sudden plasma

fire from one fighter and then dodging plasma lances from another.

He pulled his fighter into a steep climb and then hit it, the suit transformed in mid-air and shaped itself into a humanoid form, and it brought its main guns to bear on the covenant pursuing and fired in short bursts to dissuade the covenant pursuers. One managed to shield itself from the barrage of Gauss rounds while the others dimply dodged the wave of bullets.

It was then that the pilot kicked in a few missiles from his suit. The separate missile pods were now located on the legs, fired in a barrage before the pods disengaged from the rest of the body of the suit. The missiles tracked each target and scattered the suits of the covenant, 1 was hit by the wall of missiles and from staying too long in a defensive position.

The 2nd suit managed to destroy the missiles but was distracted to notice that the VF had followed him and unleashed a wall of Gauss rounds on the suit. The covenant pilot didn't stand a chance as the rounds shredded the insides of the suit. The Seraphim exploded and the VF zipped by, the 3rd suit had evaded the missiles and chased after the VF, it had speed, but not manoeuvrability, the suit struggled to keep up with the far more agile VF, it locked its plasma torpedoes and fired them.

The VF spurred downwards and made the offending torpedoes chase the suit into the ground below; the pilot activated flares and let the explosion blind the covenant sensors long enough for him to get around the enemy suit. The pilot brought his suit around and fired a single shot from his fusion lance where the explosion occurred, his shot went right through the cloud upon the covenant MS and scored a direct hit.

The last seraphim was upon the VF in moments, it was much larger than the others that had been in the squadron, it was a Wraith class MS, the suit had far more weapons than the average MS and had been made for the officers of the covenant MS divisions. The Wraith chased the Glaive over the port and fired in sharp bursts; the shots scattered over the suit's shields of the VF, but not enough to penetrate.

The pilot banked his suit downwards into a corkscrew to avoid another shot and skimmed his suit over the water near the port and then activated his afterburners, the water beneath was suddenly jetted into the air by the burst of speed allowing the VF pilot his chance. The MS was knocked backwards by the concussive force of the VF and was blinded, the pilot managed to clear the mist created by the VF but when it did it found itself staring down at the barrel of the VF's lance.

The Glaive's pilot smiled and fired in a single shot, the fusion lance hit the MS and pierced the suit in the torso and then watched as the Wraith exploded in a fireball.

"Target eliminated engagingâ€¦" The pilot announced.

He headed onwards to the enemy base below and fired off the last of his missile reserves and eliminated the enemy defences and watched as the UCAF fleet dropped in with their reclamation force, the dozens of drop pods and pelican transports made their descent upon the covenant

position and overwhelmed it.

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(That's all I could think about at the moment, there's going to be more, but this project had proven harder than it looked. The lack of ideas at the moment had been a pain in the neck and I hopped to get something better down, but yeah, I need to think a bit more and I was unsure if this suited the person I was making this story for. So this is just a prototype I hope.)

I have a fair idea on what to do, but if it isn't as good as someone thinks I'll rewrite it accordingly.

2. Chapter 2

CH2

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The Divide

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UCAF 21st Frontier Fleet

Date: 2541-4-1

Colony station: Aspiration of Time

The empty void of space was filled by the sheer scale of the UCAF R&R fleet, hundreds of vessels appeared and docked and departed daily, this critical fleet of resources was the heart of the UCAF push into the covenant controlled space. It was the heart which pumped the vital marines back into the war and provided recovery time for marines who were returning from battle.

It doubled as a colony as it held enough room for 4.5 million personnel, and manufactured thousands of bits of machinery and weapons, and munitions. The UCAF fleet surrounding the station held themselves in sync as they prepared to depart and re-join the war. From one vessel, a young pilot looked out to the station with mute silence.

Kenji didn't break his gaze from the station, he was pondering about his options, 3 months into the Daedalus Campaign had left him sore after 4 major battles, and his VF was being brought in for repairs and an upgrade. Frankly he'd rather not have his very machine altered, he wanted to keep the unit as it was, it served him well through the war as it had eliminated over 250 enemy suits and killed over 4000+ enemy troops.

He was doing well with what he had, he saw no need for the alterations, but command had forced their hand as it was necessary for the upcoming battles in the campaign and he was being moved. The transfer to the colony station was from above as there had been a few close calls to the station in the recent months as the war intensified.

The colony served the fleets necessary materials and equipment to continue the push; they didn't need to look at a damn chat to know that the station and the fleet was the most vital resource of troops and materials needed. And so, Kenji was moved here under orders, he couldn't complain, he wasn't paid to complain.

Command also wanted him to take a break from the war as it had been months since he had ever gotten proper shore leave and his mental health was becoming rather serious. He had psycho analysis treatments from many doctors, but had revealed little of anything that he had suppressed and it was starting to concern many medical professionals.

So here he was, taking a short break as a patrol bird at a station where action was rarely ever seen. He didn't think it was a blessing for him, as much as other marines would have loved to be in his position to remain in the relative safety of a colony station rather than a 40mm heavy machine gun turret or bunker.

But he didn't complain, it wasn't his place to object to whatever command suggested, he just followed the orders given. The pilot went from the observation deck down to his room; he needed to get his gear checked before he transferred. As he winded through corridors of other personnel hurrying off to their stations or going for their own transfer, he found it rather lonesome that he was the only Hunter class pilot being transferred here.

Kenji entered into his room and packed, he'd have enough time later to ask about his post.

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Aspiration: City level

On the station thousands of people hurried about heading off to work or to mill around, the city was usually like this, people doing whatever they needed to. Amongst the bustling crowds people began to scatter as they heard the sounds of sirens. Not combat sirens or alert sirens heard in the past few months, but instead make way sirens for VIP.

People looked over to the sounds and saw her. The songstress of Elysium, Serina Ashford, the pop star of the Aegis Fate band, she was renowned over all of UCAF space for having one of the greatest voices and singing abilities, her career was considered still in its youth. But many still loved her songs, the people began to crowd around to see the famous singer as her convoy got through the city centre.

Inside her car, Serina waved constantly at her many fans; she smiled as they cheered her on. Today was going to be a good day for her; this was to be her first performance on the UCAF colony station, she was to launch her first tour on a UCAF frontline ship to raise the morale of the soldiers who were coming back and forth from the warzone, and to encourage the war effort for those who were now joining. She wanted this as she herself had heard of the increase in troop casualties and the loss of so many good young men in the war, so many had been reported to be MIA and KIA in the lines behind the covenant.

But she was determined to help raise the morale of those who were still engaged in the warzone, and also this was a break from her usual massive concerts and long hours on UCAF colony worlds, she thought that one of the most quiet UCAF rear line fleets would be a bit more quiet, as they had stages and concerts for about 30,000 people than the 120,000+ that jump into her regular tours.

This was to be a less stressful tour, and she liked the idea, besides, she knew that she could sneak out of her guise when no one was looking and get some time off.

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Kenji wasn't surprise to see that the airlocks for the docks had been packed, but the thing that got him off guard was the fact that it wasn't UCAF military personnel that were clogging up the gateways, it was a young woman who was standing out waving to her fans and getting into her limo, he suspected that this was another celebrity figure coming to raise morale on an already determined frontline, but the public deserved to be at least entertained while the truth of the war was hidden under their noses.

Kenji didn't complain, he just nodded and crawled his way through, he eventually got out of the docks and into the main lobby; there he was supposed to be greeted by some helpers. Once he found his way to them, or he suspected that they were his helpers, 3 grey suited military like fellows, possibly an ODS and MPs, but as soon as he walked up they walked around him.

They greeted a helldiver who was coming aboard, Kenji looked around confused.

>"Hey buddy, you Kenji?" A young male asked.<p>

Kenji turned to face this stranger; it was a young teen with a brown short bowl cut hair, his eyes were a deep green and he and his friends were looking at Kenji with some sort of aspiration and awe. Kenji replied.

>"Yes."<p>

"Oh so you are him! Welcome, we're the student military history class from Capsids High; we were told that you'd be arriving today." The young fellow introduced himself. "I'm Rollo, my friends, Mina, Kenshi, Tobi, Eric, Araea, and Michi."

Ken looked at the others in this strange group. They all smiled and greeted him, and then Rollo explained.

>"You're supposed to be taking the New Modern Warfare class aren't you?"<p>

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(Oh boy, you have to feel sorry for Ken.)

Well I'll see if I can update it as much as possible, it won't be given priority as there's still other fics to work on so I'll see what I can do.

End
file.